

THE
EAGLE
AND THE
ROBIN.

An APOLOGUE. Translated from
the Original of *Æsop*, written Two Thousand
Years since, and now rendred in familiar Verse.

Æsop [Adaptation, Imitation, etc.]

By H. G. L. Mag.

— *Fabula Narratur.*

Aquila non captat Muscas.

Together with

TAFFEY'S Triumph:

OR,

A New Translation of the *Cambro-mu-
maxia*: in Imitation of *Milton*.

By a Gentleman of Oxford:

Parturiens Montes nascetur ridiculus Mus.

Horat. de Art. Poet

LONDON:

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near the Water-side. 1709.

The PREFACE.

GOOD Precepts and true Gold are more valuable for their Antiquity. And here I present my good Reader with One delivered by the first Founder of Mythology, Æsop himself. Maximus Planudes takes notice of it, as a very excellent Part of his Production; and Phœdrus, Cameratus, and others, seem to agree, that his Eagle, and five others, not yet translated, are equal to any of his that are handed down to us. Tho' Mr. Ogleby and Sir Roger L' Estrange had the Unhappiness to be unacquainted with them, yet I had the good Fortune to discover them by the removal of my old Library, which has made me amends for the trouble of getting to where I now Teach. They were Written, or Dictated at least, by Æsop, in the fifty fourth Olympiad: And tho' I design'd them chiefly for the use of my School, (this being translated by a Youth design'd for a Greek Professor,) yet no Man is so wise as not to need Instruction, ay, and by way of Fable too; since the Holy Scriptures themselves, the best Instructors, teach us by way of Parable, Symbol, Image and Figure; and David was more moved with Nathan's — Thou art the Man, than all the most rigid Lectures in the world would have done. Whoever will be at the trouble of comparing this Version with the Original, let them begin at the tenth Line, and they will find it Metaphrastically done, Verbum verbo, as the best way of Justice to the Author.

Those that are meer Adorers of ἄλλοι λόγοι will not be angry that it is in this sort of Metre, for which I gave leave, the Lad having a turn to this sort of Measure, which is pleasant and agreeable, tho' not Lofty. For my own part, I concur with my Master Aristotle, that ῥυθμός καὶ ἀρμονία, are very far from being unnecessary or unpleasant.

May this be of use to thee, and it will please

Thine in all good Wishes,

HORAT. GRAM.

THE



THE EAGLE

AND THE ROBIN. A FABLE.

A Lady liv'd in former Days,
That well deserv'd the utmost Praise;
For Greatness, Birth and Justice fam'd,
And ev'ry Virtue cou'd be nam'd.
Which made her Course of Life so even,
That she's a Saint (if dead) in Heaven.
This Lady had a little Seat
Like a Palace 'twas so neat,
Whom ought (but Goodness) her Retreat.
One Morning in her giving way,
Was her Custom ev'ry day,
To cheer the Poor, the Sick and Cold:
With Apparel, Food or Gold,
There came a gazing Stranger by,
Whom she quickly cast an Eye.
The Man admiring, made a stand;
He had a Bird upon his Hand;
What's that, says she, that hangs its Head,
Looking and faint? 'Tis almost dead.

A 2

Madam,

Madam, a *Red-Breast* that I found,
By this wet Season almost drown'd.

Oh! bring him in and keep him warm;
Robins do never any harm.

They soon obey'd, and chopt him Meat,
Gave him whatever he would eat;

The Lady Care her self did take,
And made a Nest for *Robin's* sake:

But he perkt up into her Chair,
In which he plenteously did fare,

Affuming quite another Air.

The Neighbours thought when this they spy'd,
The World well mended on his side.

With well-tun'd Throat he whistl'd long,
And every Body lik'd his Song:

At last, said they, this little Thing
Will kill it self, so long to sing.

Well, Closet him among the rest
Of those my Lady loves the best;

They little thought that saw him come,
That *Robins* were so quarrellsome:

The Door they open, in he pops,

And to the highest Perch he hops;

The Party-colour'd Birds he chose,

The *Gold-Finches*, and such as those;

With them he'd Peck, and Bill and Feed,

And very well (at times) agreed:

Canary Birds were his Delight,

With them he'd Test a Test all Night;

But the brown *Linnets* went to pot,

He kill'd them all upon the spot.

The Servants were employ'd each day,

Instead of Work to part some Fray,

And wish'd the aukard Fellow curst

That brought him to my Lady first.

At last they all resolv'd upon't

Some way to tell my Lady on't.

Mean while he'd a noble Swing,

And rul'd just like the *Gallick* King;

aving or kill'd or wounded all,
 Unless the *Eagle* in the Hall;
 With whom he durst but only Jar,
 He being the very Soul of War:
 He hated him for his Desert,
 And bore him Malice at his Heart.
 This *Eagle* was my Lady's Pride,
 The Guardian Safety of her Side:
 He often brought home Foreign Prey,
 Which humbly at her Feet he lay.
 For Colour, Pinions and Stature,
 The fairest Workmanship of Nature.
 Two'd do one good to see him move,
 So full of Grandeur, Grace and Love:
 He was indeed a Bird for *Jove*.
 He soar'd aloft in *Brucum's* Field,
 And thousand *Kites* and *Vultures* kill'd;
 Which made him dear to all that flew,
 Unless to *Robin* and his Crew)

One Day poor *Bob* puff'd up with Pride,
 Thinking the Combat to abide,
 A Goose-Quill on for Weapon ty'd;
 Knowing by Use, that now and then,
 A Sword less Hurt do's than a Pen.

As for Example——What at home
 You've well contriv'd, to do at *Rome*,
 A Pen blows up—before you come.
 You are suppos'd to undermine
 The *Foe*,——in some immense Design.
 A Pen can bite you with a Line;
 There's forty ways to give a Sign.

Well, ——all on Fire away he stalk'd,
 Till come to——where the *Eagle* walk'd.

Bob did not shill I shall I go,
 Nor said one Word of Friend or *Foe*;
 But Flirting at him made a Blow,
 As Game-Cocks with their Gauntlets do.
 At which the *Eagle* gracefully
 Cast a disdaining sparkling Eye;
 As who should say,——What's this a *Flie*?

But

But no Revenge at all did take,
 He spar'd him for their Lady's sake;
 Who ponder'd these things in her Mind,
 And took the Conduct of the *Eagle* kind.
 Upon Reflection now to shew,
 What Harm the least of things may do,
 Mad *Robin* with his curst Flirt,
 One of the *Eagle's* † Eyes had hurt;
 Inflam'd it, made it red and sore:
 But the Affront inflam'd it more.
 Oh! how the Family did tear,
 To fire the House could scarce forbear.
 With Scorn (not Pain the *Eagle* fir'd,
 Murmur'd Disdain, and so retir'd.

† οφθαλμοῦ
 amongst
 Greeks,
 signifies
 as tender
 the Eye.

Robin, to offer some Relief,
 In Words like these, would heal their Grief.
 Should th' *Eagle* die,—which Heav'n forbid,
 We ought some other to provide.
 I do not say that any now
 Are fit, but in a Year or Two.
 And should this mighty Warrior fall,
 They should not want a General.
 As Men have long observ'd, that one
 Misfortune seldom comes alone;
 Just in the moment this was done,
 Ten Thousand Foes in fight were come.
Vultures and *Kites*, and Birds of Prey,
 In Flocks so thick—they darken'd Day.
 A long concerted Force and strong,
 Vermin of all kinds made the Throng;
 Foxes, were in the Faction joyn'd,
 Who waited their Approach to ground.

By every Hand, from common Fame,
 The frightful Face of Danger came.
 One cries, What help now—who can tell?
 I'm glad the *Eagle's* here, and well:
 Another out of Breath with fear,
 Says, Thousands more near Sea appear;

They

The'll swoop our Chickens from the Door.
 We never were so set before :
 We are glad the Eagle will forget,
 And the Invader kill or beat.

Reserv'd and Great, his Noble Mind
 Above all petty things inclin'd ;
 Abhor'd the Thoughts of any thing,
 But what his Lady's Peace cou'd bring.
 Who blest him first, and bad him do,
 As he was wont, and beat the Foe.

Burning and restless as the Sun,
 Unril this willing Work was done ;
 He whets his Talons, stretcht his Wings,
 His Lightning, Darts, and Terror flings :
 Towr's with a flight into the Sky,
 These Million Monsters to descry,
 Prepar'd to Conquer or to Dye.

The Party that so far was come,
 Thought not the *Eagle* was at home ;
 To Fame and Dangers used in Field,
 They knew he'd quickly make 'em yield :
 But on Assurance he was near,
 Incumber'd, Faint, and Dead with fear ;
 They made with hurry towards the Lakes,
 And he his Pinions o'er them shakes ;
 They had not (with such Horror fill'd)
 The Courage to let one be kill'd :
 They fled, and left no Foe behind,
 Unless it were the fleeting Wind :
 Only — a Man by water took
 Two fine young *Merlins* and a *Rook* :

The Family had now repose :
 But with the Sun the *Eagle* rose ;
 Th' Imperial Bird pursu'd the Foe,
 More Toil than Rest inur'd to know.
 He wing'd his way to *Latian* Land,
 Where first was hatch'd this murd'ring band ;

He darted Death where-e'er he came,
 Some of 'em dying at his Name.
 Their mighty Foe—a fatal Pledge,
 Their Bowels tore thro' ev'ry Hedge;
 They Flutter, Shriek, and Caw, and hiss;
 Their strength decays, and fears increase:
 But most the *Chevaliers*, the *Geese*.
 So many slaughter'd Fowl there was,
 Their Carkasses blockt up the ways;
 The rest he drove half spent, Pell-mell,
 Quite to the Walls of *Pontifell*.

Robin at home, tho' mad to hear
 He should so Conquer every where,
 Expostulated thus with Fear!
 Ungrateful I, that so have stirr'd
 Against this Generous noble Bird.
 Wast thou not first by him preferr'd?
 Let's leave him in his Gall to burn,
 And back to *Pontifell* return.

There some to Chimney-Tops aspire,
 To Turrets some that could fly higher;
 Some 'bove a Hundred Miles were gone,
 To Roost them at *Byzantium*.
 Alas! in vain was their Pretence,
 He broke thro' all their strong Defence:
 Down went their Fences, Wires and all;
 Perches and Birds together fall.

None hop'd his Power to withstand,
 But gave the Nest to his Command;
 They told him of ten thousand more,
 In Flocks along the *Gange's* Shore:
 Safe in their Furrows free from Trouble,
 Like *Partridges* among the Stubble.
 He spreads himself, and cuts the Air,
 And steady Flight soon brought him there.
 Lord, how deceiv'd and vext he was!
 To find they were but meer *Jackdaws*.
 A Hundred Thousand all in sight,
 They all could Chatter, not one Fight.

I'll deal by them as is their due :

Shough, cry'd the *Eagle* ; off they flew.

His flashing Eyes their Hearts confounds,
Tho' by their Flight secure from Wounds,
Which was a signal, fatal Baulk,
To a late swift *Italian Hawk*.

The *Eagle* wou'd no rest afford,
Till he had sent my Lady word ;
Who when she heard the dear Surprise,
Wonder and Joy stood in her Eyes.

My Faithful *Eagle*, hast thou then
My mortal Foes destroy'd again ?

Return, return, and on me wait ;
Be thou the Guardian of my Gate ;
Thee and thy Friends are worth my Care ;

Thy Foes (if any such there are)
Shall my avenging Anger share.

So — lest new Ills shou'd intervene,
She turn'd the *Robin* out again.

The *Samians* now in vast Delight,
Bless their good Lady Day and Night ;
Vish that her Life might ne'er be done,
But everlasting as the Sun.

The *Eagle* high again did soar,
The Lady was disturb'd no more,
But all things flourish'd as before.

TAFFY's *Triumph*: in Imitation of *Milton*, &c.

— Sing, Heav'nly Muse
THE *Cambro-Britan*, whose prolifick Brain
 First form'd an Engine, to the Jovial *Mice*
 Ill-boding, menacing Destruction dire.

And thou, all pow'rful *Phœbus*, deign to aid
 Her Flight audacious: erst (as Poets sing)
 Thou once profest thy self to *Mice* a Foe
 Dreadful, Implacable; nor scorn to own
 Some lofty *Cambrian* Mount, which lifts its Head
 High as *Parnassus*, but from thence dart down
 Thy Influence, while she pursues her Theme
 Tho' trivial, in sublime *Miltonick* Verse.

To Plunder, and to Rapine giv'n A *Mouse*,
 Horrible Monster! wander'd from Dish to Dish,
 And knew no Danger; for she knew no Gin,
 Long exercis'd the sly Mercurial Art
 Unpunish'd, uncontroul'd, nor left untouch't
 Brown Bread, or white, or Milk, or Bacon rough,
 Or Flagrant Cheese, delicious in Decay.
 And tho' unwelcome, came a constant Guest
 Daring, Audacious, nor wou'd bear Repulse.
 In vain with Walls, and Bars, and folded Doors,
 They strove to stop his Entrance; for with Teeth
 As Razors keen, he'd know his Passage thro',
 And tast of Food, delicious without Cost.

But whilst this Pest malevolent spread o're
 The gloomy Face of this Terrestrial Globe,
 In thee, O *Cambria*, chief she tyraniz'd.
 For Cheese, thy choicest Product, tempting smells
 And odorous; which the *Mice* meer *Epicures*,
 Not as all other Viands only taste,
 Or lightly nibble, curious, delicate,
 Dainty, not liking, but with greedy Eyes,
 And greedier Teeth, voracious, from the Morn
 To Even, excavate the solid Mass,
 And 'midst their Eatables prepare their Dome.

At this, the *Cambro-Britains* vex'd, with Fury burn
 And Indignation: Madness, and deep Revenge

Tear their swol'n Breasts: Their Eye-Balls fiery red
Appear with glowing Vengeance, and Despair.

They tret, they fume, from Cliff to Cliff they rove,
Wand'ring, Impatient: For these Passions, *Hate*,
Malice, and *Discord*, naturally shake

Their State of Mind: For *Reason* never rules,
But sensual Appetite claims constant Sway.

Thus prompted by their Rage, they doom their Foe,
With one Consent to Punishment condign;

But by what Means to apprehend this Foe,
And put in Execution their Design.

They know not, dubious; for *Grimalkin* stern
But trivial Aid (if any) cou'd afford.

Vain were her Ambuscades, her narrow Watch,
And sly, and subtle Motions tow'rd the Mouth
Of the small Concave Dome; the Mouse secure,
Fearless within the Narrow Compass lyes,
Nor dreads her Hostile Paws, greater than she
By being less; if haply he espies

His watchful *Gaurdian*, at his Narrow Port,
He soon skulks in, and thro' the Dark Recess
Runs winding, to *Grimalkin's* bulky, Paths
Unpassable, Impervious, yet nor dares
To peep abroad, or new Excursions make;
'Till his dire Enemy removes her Camp,
And Danger with her Person disappears.

Thus whilome *Cambria* (Pardon the compare)

Baffled Victorious *Cæsar*, when to his Arms

Invincible, *Britania* yielded, and

Confest him Lord Supream, him Homage paid.

For thus each *Cambro Britain* strait repair'd

To craggy Hill, or lofty Mountain, safe Retreat,
Impregnable by Nature, not by Art.

Thus in the Concave Cliffs, they skul'd, they hide,

'Midst of destructive Ruine, safe, secure,

And tho' of Conquering thoughtless, yet disdain'd

To be O'come, nor were, tho' fled, O'come.

At this puzt up, their Genealogies

In Lenght prodigious they produce, and boast

Their Land unconquer'd, and their Tongue antique.

Thus when the Mouse long Time *Grimalkin* scap'd,

Watchful, Death menacing, and no Relief

Nor Consolation from her Care was found,

Two Heralds by the Nation's strict Command

With awful Ceremony, and with Trumpets Sound

Proclaim a Council, forth with to be held,

In the remotest Part of all their Land,

Where

Where now *St. David's* (once in high Renown)
 Her Title to a Bishoprick deplores
 Deficient, Shadow of what once she was
 The Summons heard, the Senate hither came,
 With Hundreds, and with Thousands on their Way
 Attended, who with sulph'rous Scent the Place perfum'd.

When strait a *Senator* with Conick Bread,
 In Length prodigious, Philosophick, and
 With Hands by foul Disease scab'd o're, all rough,
 To Sight ungrateful; stammering in his Speech,
 Midst of the *Grand Audience* thus began.

" 'Tisn't 'cause Open War, or Foreign Pow'r
 " infests us, that we're here in *Council* met;
 " But what's more dangerous, a *Domestick Foe*,
 " Shall then, my Friends, my Country-men, shall then
 " A Haughty, Insolent *Mouse* the *Tyrant* play,
 " For ever unoppos'd to *Cambria's* Shame,
 " And constant Obloquy? let us, on whom
 " Our Country's *Future Woe* or *Bliss* depends,
 " With *Force United*, and with Arms essay
 " To disenthroned this proud *Usurper*, and
 " Compose our *present Evils*; then while the Name
 " Of Great *Cadwalader* on *Cambrian Hills*,
 " In Lays Harmonious is sung, or pip'd,
 " Shall this Day's Work be trumpeted by *Fame*.

He ended frowning, and before their Eyes
 Producing various Fragments, the Remains
 Of an Old Mouldy Cheese, the *Mouse* had eat,
 Added new Fuel to their Flame; and now
 Desire of quick Revenge, and pleasing Praise,
 Move 'em alternately; each do's devise
 Unheard of Torments, of all Terms of Peace
 Thoughtless, shou'd Terms of Peace be sought.

But one *Yolyped Taffy* soon up rose,
 Great *Cambria's* Chiefest Pride, who seem'd alone
 For Dignity compos'd, and high Exploit;
 Both *Vulcan*, and a *Senator*, whose Tongue
 Dropping down *Manna*, charming to the Ear,
 With soft, perswasive Accent thus began.

" If Cheese, most Noble Peers, our Nation's Boast,
 " Shou'd be by this intestine Foe destroy'd,
 " I dread the Consequence; the poorer Sort
 " Inevitably must One Meal forego,
 " And you One Course (Afflictions great,
 " Which O Ye Gods avert!) here paus'd,
 " For Grief had stop't the Organs of his Speech
 " But soon recover'ing, his Discourse renew'd. Since

" Since therefore, nor the Dint of *Cambrian* Arms,
 " Nor sharp *Grimalkin's* Paws avail; I'll try
 " What my right Hand, my Art can do, t' expel
 " Mine, and to me, what's more, my *Country's* Foe,
 He scarce had finish'd, when such *Murmur* fill'd
 The Crowd, as when the Woods and Rocks retain
 The Sound of blust'ring *Boreas* : Such *Applause*
 Was heard as *Taffy* ended ; all demand
 To know this New Invention, *Instrument*
 Of promis'd Joy to Them, to Mice of *Woe*,

Taffy sometime deliberating, sat
 Scratching his *Pericranium* ; (Custom old
 Approv'd Expedient, when in pensive Mood
 The *Cambro Britains* sits, and deep in Thought)
 Smiling Majestick, full as *Delphian* Priest,
 To all the *Peers* on either Hand thus spake,

" Last Night, when try'd with *Work* and *Thought* I lay,
 " Couch'd on my Matted Bed, and gentle Sleep
 " With soft Oppression seiz'd my drowfed Sense,
 " A bold, presumptuous *Mouse*, by flagrant Scat
 " Of *Toasted Cheese* invited, strait approach't
 " My Mouth wide-gaping, and with agile Leap
 " Rush'd down my Throat impetuous, and within
 " Plund'ring my Magazine of all her Store ;
 " Alarm'd, I suddenly awoke ; mean while
 " The *Mouse*, conscious of Guilt, with equal Speed
 " Retir'd, and passing by those Hostile Gaurds,
 " Now watchful, was surpriz'd, betwixt their Points,
 " And lost his Breath, with gushing Blood effus'd.
 " Thus then instructed, that our common Foe
 " Might be imprison'd, and his Pow'r restrain'd,
 " Thoughtful of what had happen'd, I resolv'd
 " T' exert my Skill *Valcanian*, and compose,
 " As *Fancy* shou'd suggest, a murd'rous Trap.
 " O wond'rous ! with what constant, stedd'y Care,
 " Do's the right Hand of the dread Thund'rer *Jove*
 " Manage all Secrets ! thus the silly *Mouse*,
 " Prime Cause of all our Misery and Woe,
 " To his own Ruine and Perdition sure,
 " First Remedy prescrib'd, with good Effect :
 " Nor scorn Instruction, tho' from one so mean,
 " 'Tis worthy Praise, to learn ev'n from a Foe.

He said, departing, all the Fav'ring Crowd
 With deafning Shouts return'd him loud Acclaim,
 Wishing him all Success, clate with Joy.

Th' *Assembly* thus broke up each to his *Home*
Repairs luthsome, and to his *Gods* relates
Taffy's Emprise: and whilst they invoke
Their Aid, on his Behalf (*if Fame lie not*)
With more than usual Mirth *Crimalkin* skip'd,
Winding her Tail, it many a Wreath; careless,
Unmindful of her Food, or by *Presage*,
Or *Instinct*, thoughtful of far happier Days:

Taffy, mean time, with busie Thought intent,
On this great Work, by Divine *Pallas* Aid,
EreAs a Mouse Trap, wondrous to behold.

Now fail me not, O *Muse*, who the implore
Submissively for Aid, while I describe
This Artificial Fabrick, *Godlike Work*.

Its *Zenith*, and its *Nadir*, was compos'd
Of Wood form'd *Quadrate* on each Side,
A Row of strong, retentive *Wyre*; the *Dome*
Stood as it were on various Pillars, propt.
The Treach'rous Entrance lay wide ope, to *Mice*.
Seemingly Hospitable, but o're head
The Door hung ticklish, Menacing or Death,
Or strict Confinement. In the midst there stood
A Column rais'd up forky, on whose Top
A Beam, Lath-like, lay cross, whose utmost Points
Stretch'd equal Distance both ways: One depress'd,
The other do's the Door contiguous uplift.

Within, from the House-Top, a Wire hangs down
Dangling, the Sport of ev'ry Wind, or Touch;
Whose lowest part, crooked like Fish-hook held
The Bait, sweet-scenting, and whose Topmast Point
Touch'd lightly the thin Beam, which when the *Mouse*
Upwary, Nibbling, moves it, strait lets go,
Claps down the Door, and holds her Captive bound,
Thus all compos'd, and order'd, *Taffy* soon
Baits the deceitful Hook, and makes ev'n Food
Preservative of Life, the means of Death,
Fut first to make it more delicious, and to *Mice*
More grateful, Odoriferous, roasts it well,

Darkness now rising, and from End to End
Nights Hemisphere veiling the *Horizon* round,
And timely Dew of Sleep with slumb'rous Weight
Clos'ing his Eye-lids, at his Head he fix't
His Guardian *Mause*-Trep, so secure repos'd.

Mean time the Jovial *Mice* (a turbulent Rout)
Dance up and down presumptuous, trusting
To the dark Covert of the Opacous Night.

When

- * All Flight th' inexorable Door denies.
- * Thou shalt have Torments, equal to thy Crimes.
- * (If possible) — Not *Syphus's* Toil,
- * Not all *Ixion's* Pangs, when on the Wheel,
- * Dire Consequence of Tatling; nor the Smart
- * *Prometheus* felt on *Cautajul*; or huge
- * Gigantick *Tytius*, when with Thunder struck,
- * Shall stand in Competition with thy Woe.

He scarce had finish'd, when from Sunny Top
Of that same Dome *Grimalkin* leap'd, where oft
She lay, in lazy Mood stretch'd out at length;
The Captive, spying his *Foe* advancing, stern,
His Ears erects, his crooked Back humps up,
Nor dares to make Excursion: Most secure
In his once hated Prison-walls, he hugs
His pleasing Chains: 'till by main Strength of Arm,
Oblig'd to quit his Hold, *Grimalkin's* Paws
Salute him roughly, struggling to escape.
No Truce on any Terms is granted, she her Joy
By waving of her flexile Tail declares,
And wanton Leap; now on the Ground Supine,
Sedulous she eyes the *Mouse*; now gently pats
Her Neck, with her clench'd Claws pretending Love,
While in her Heart she meditates Revenge;
Thus triumphs barbarous, and the Tyrant plays.

Now she with sporting tir'd, her inward Rage
No more dissembling whets her Fatal Teeth,
And like a *Lion*, falls upon her Prey,
Grumbling, with Hunger pinch'd and Limb from Limb
Divides, obdurate, merciless the trembling *Mouse*.

Whilst now the joyous *Populace* behold
The wish'd for End of their Intestine *Foe*,
With loud Acclaim they rend the Vaulted Skies,
And *Eccho*, speechless but when others speak,
Catching their Voice, well-pleas'd, returns the Sound.
Plinlimmon's Hills, and *Snowdon's* lofty mounts
And *Brechin's*, and the Ditch of *Offe*, join
In *Ghorus*, to compleat the General Joy.

Thou *Taffy*, shalt for ever live, thy Name,
Thy Genius all excelling, on Record shall stand.
Ev'n now each *Cambro-Britain*, solemnly
One Day in the Revolving Year observes,
Of Thee memorial, and thy Great Exploits;
And in their Country's Honour, Crown their Brows,
With Odoriferous, Never-fading *LEA-K*.

FINIS.



When on a sudden their great Chieftain snuffs,
 centing the Cheese, and under Planet born
 Malevolent, makes tow'rd's the Hostile Trap.
 At first the Lattice barr'd his way; enrag'd,
 Not able to endure so Base Repulse,
 Wrinkling his Nose, from Place to Place he hies,
 And by Sagacious Beard explores the Door.
 And now th' irremeable Threshold past, possess
 Of what he wish'd, devours the fatal Bait.
 Taffy the joyous Sound o're-hearing, which the Door
 High pendant, clapping down had made, arose
 Triumphant, and with winged Speed prepar'd,
 To welcome to his Trap his unknown Guest.
 And now the imprison'd Mouse with Fury burns,
 And deep Despair; between the distant Bars,
 With Force impetuous, runs his Frantick Head:
 And with contracted Brow attacks the Wire,
 Implacable, and impotent to bear
 His mighty Grief; so when the greisly Boar
 Once sees himself beset, in Toils enclos'd,
 He whets his Tusks, he looks aghast, he frets,
 Erects his Hyde, and foaming churns the Ground.
 Soon as to resalute the World with Light,
 Leucothoe wak'd, and with fresh Dews embalm'd
 The Earth; the *Cambro-Britains* quit their Mounts,
 All conscious of the News, with winged Speed.
 For now the *As* his Gravity forgetting,
 Wanton, lascivious as the *Goat*, ascends
 The Mountains on whose Tops he brays
 Wide-gaping, imitating *Cambrian Herald*,
 And thrice proclaims aloud Great *Taffy's* Name,
 And to his Friends, high pleas'd, the *General Joy*.
 Sounds Ominous, the *Owl* at Midnight flying
 Thro' ev'ry Town, with Beak uncomely bent,
 Screams out, to *Mice* the Trump of doleful Doom.
 The Hills brought forth, the *Cambro-Britains* flock'd
 In Numbers numberless from ev'ry place,
 From *Pembroke*, *Merioneth*, and *Merlin's Walls*,
Llammorgan's fruitful Soil, and from the Banks
 Of *Vaga's* lucid Stream, and from the Mount
 Of *Gomer*. When in a Circular Form
 The Crowd promiscuous stood, *Taffy* produc'd
 His Captive, and insulting thus began.
 ' In vain thou strugglest, thou by Fate art doom'd
 My Victim: On my Altar shalt thou burn,
 Thy Blood shall here be spilt, Memorial
 Of our Nation's Joy. All hopes are vain